

Unsteady by [renateamalie](#)

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Unsteady

THE CLOUDS ABOVE YOU TURN DARKER BY THE MINUTE. The sound of a distant rumble of thunder causes you to speed up. Your heavy steps bring you further away from Hawkins high. You lift your head to the sky, allowing sharp drops of rain to crash onto your face like a thousand needles. Small pallets of water soon turn into a heavy downpour — making your denim jacket stick to your slender frame rather uncomfortably.

The road ahead seems to stretch on for miles. At this rate, it would take you an hour or so to make it home — if not more. Your father would usually drive you home after class, but of course, he would pick the most gloomy day in Hawkin's history to be a complete no-show. It certainly was not the first time, and something told you it would not be the last either.

The sound of a roaring engine in the distance brings you back to reality. Turning to face the sound, you spot a blue Camero speeding towards you at an alarming rate. The vehicle comes to a screeching halt beside you, booming with the familiar sound of *'pour some sugar on me'* by Def Leopard. Wait a minute, please don't tell me—

Before you can finish your train of thought, the passenger window is rolled down — revealing the familiar grin by none other than Billy Hargrove. *Oh for fuck's sake.*

"You're looking a bit damp there," his smile showcases his devil-may-care attitude. "Want a ride?"

The guy was the literal definition of an alpha male. His entire demeanour reeked of arrogance and entitlement. Having only been in town for a couple of weeks, you found it quite shocking (*and impressive*) that he had managed to plough through the majority of Hawkin high's female seniors. His reputation certainly preceded him — wherever you went you seemed to catch wind of the tales of Billy's conquests. Looking at him now, you could see the attraction; his button-down shirt showcased his toned chest, along with his curly locks that seemed to frame his cheekbones in the best way possible.

And his eyes — *fuck*. You could drown in them.

"So how about it, princess?"

"T-Thank you for the generous offer, but I'll be f-fine" you mutter through chattering teeth. The slight tremble of your hands seemed to do nothing to support that statement.

"You're soaked. Come on, get in" he reaches over to open the passenger door from the inside. "—I promise I won't bite"

Glancing at the road ahead, you carefully weigh your options. One one hand you could be a strong, independent woman and walk home. This would, of course, result in you catching pneumonia from the cold. On the other hand, you could get in the car with Billy Hargrove — a complete stranger with the sex appeal of a God.

You bite your lip, cursing internally before stepping into his car. You barely have time to close the passenger door before you are pushed back in your seat as the Camero flies forward with rapid acceleration. Billy leans forward to turn down the car stereo before his deep blue eyes scan you over.

"I'm Billy, by the way. Billy Har—"

"Hargrove. I know" you mutter, tucking a strand of damp auburn hair behind your ear as your eyes focus on the road ahead.

"Is that so?"

"I think you have the majority of the girls in my class wrapped around your little finger" you explain.

Billy laughs then, which in turn causes you to turn towards him. His tongue swirls over his bottom lip as his grip on the steering wheel tightens.

"Only the *majority*? How disappointing" he remarks with a wide grin.

You roll your eyes at this, though a tiny smile creeps at the corner of

your mouth. *What a dick.*

'Sometime, anytime, sugar me sweet — *little miss innocent sugar me, yeah, yeah*' plays over the stereo. There were a lot of things to be said about Billy Hargrove, but at least his taste in music was impeccable. You start rubbing your hands together on your lap, the friction offering you some warmth. Billy notices this, his eyebrows furrowing as his eyes shifts between you and the road ahead.

"Are you cold?" his voice is coated with concern.

"I'm fine" you lie, trying to suppress the shiver running through your body.

"—You're not", his hand reaches to turn up the heater. Grateful for this gesture, you mutter a quick '*thank you*'. He motions for you to put your hands closer, which you hesitantly do. Heavy raindrops pound on the windshield, causing the windscreen wipers to pick up speed.

"Why the hell would you walk in this, anyway? Doesn't your dad usually pick you up?"

Turning to face him, you raise your eyebrow slightly. How the hell do you know that?

"U-uhm—" you stutter, caught off guard by his question. What exactly could you tell him? The truth? Yes, Billy, my dad does *usually* pick me up — when he's not passed out drunk on the couch or vomiting his guts up at the local bar. He usually picks me up when he's sober enough to drive a fucking car, to begin with, which coincidentally does not happen a lot lately. Perhaps honesty wasn't always the best policy, after all.

"—He must be busy, I guess" you say, trying to keep the tone of your voice level.

Billy remains silent for a moment, his knuckles turning white clutching on to the steering wheel. He seems to be weighing your words carefully, before nodding lazily. "Busy, huh" he mumbles — the tone of his voice surprisingly cold. You get the impression that he

knows all too well what you mean. A sudden flush of heat rushes to your cheeks, as you feel slightly exposed to him. You bow your head down slightly, allowing strands of your hair to shield you from his persistent gaze. Billy seems to pick up on your uneasiness, immediately changing the subject. Your shoulders relax, and you are grateful for him not questioning the matter any further.

You listen intently to Billy as he starts talking about his Camero, and how it took him months to save up for it. He brags about mowing the neighbour's lawn and painting fences for the entire summer. One time, he even got Max — his stepsister — to do it for him, in exchange for his silence when she snuck out of the house one night. His enthusiasm and passion are rather enjoyable to listen to, you even find yourself leaning back into your seat. Something about the way the corner of his mouth curls up when his thoughts take him far away makes your heart do summersaults in your chest.

Looking forward, a sense of dread takes hold of you as you spot your house further down the street. The car slows down, coming to a halt on the sidewalk right before your so-called home. Gazing towards the window, you count not one - but four beer bottles resting on the windowsill. Guess he didn't go to the bar, after all.

The engine turns off, and Billy rests his arm on the seat behind you. His fingers grazing your shoulder, which in turn causes you to catch your breath.

"You don't have to go" he whispers, his husky voice filled with worry. What you wouldn't give for that to be true.

Offering him a half smile, you lean forward and place a soft kiss on his cheek. His eyes are fixed on your lips as you lean back, his own slightly parted in shock. "Thank you for the ride, Hargrove. I.. I—I strangely enjoyed it" you smirk. Giving him no chance to respond, you swiftly exit the vehicle and shut the passenger door behind you. Go you idiot, before you change your mind. You curse internally, making your way over the soaked front lawn with heavy steps. You squeeze your fists shut, ignoring the slight tremble of your fingertips.

"Hey, princess" you spin around to find that Billy is leaning out the

driver's side door, his arm resting on the roof of the Camero as his shirt gets wet with the heavy rain. His curly locks stick to the frame of his face, his cocky smile never faltering. "—How about I pick you up in the morning?" he bites his lip slightly. "—You know, *since you enjoyed it so much*" he laughs.

You roll your eyes, flipping him off as you snicker slightly. "**I look forward to it**" you reply. Turning around again, you walk up the steps to the front porch, your steps suddenly light as a feather.